

*The Historie of*

wicht with the rogues company. If the rascal haue not giuen me medicines to make me loue him, jle be handg: it cold not be else, I haue drunke medicines, *Poines, Hal*, a plague on you both. *Bardol*, *Peto*, Ile starue ere jle rob a foot further: and t'were not as good a deed as drinke, to turne true man, and to leaue these Rogues, I am the veriest Varlet that euer chewed with a tooth: eight yardes of vneuen ground, is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony hearted Villaines know it well enough, a plague vpon it when theeues cannot be true one to another. *They whistle.*

Whew, a plague vpō you all, giue me my Horle, you rogues, Giue me my Horle, and be hangd.

*Prim.* Peace ye fat guts, lie downe, lay thine eare close to the ground, and list if thou can heare the tread of Trauellers.

*Fals.* Haue you any leauers to lift me vp again being down? Zbloud, Ile not beare mine owne flesh so far afoot againe for all the Coyne in thy Fathers Exchequer: what a plague mean ye to colt me this?

*Prince.* Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art vncolted,

*Fals.* I prethee good *Prince Hal*, helpe mee to my horle, Good Kings sonne.

*Prince.* Out you Rogue, shall I be your Ostler?

*Fals.* Go hang thy selfe in thine owne Heire apparant Garters: if I be tane, jle peach for this: and I haue not Ballades made on all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of Sacke be my poyson: when ieast is so forward, and afoot too, I hate it.

*Enter Gads-bill.*

*Gad.* Stand.

*Fal.* So I doe against my will.

*Poin.* O tis our setter, I know his voice: *Bardol* what newes?

*Bar.* Case yee, case ye, on with your Vizards, ther's mony of the Kings comming downe the hill, tis going to the Kings Exchequer.

*Fals.* You lie you rogue, tis going to the Kings Tauerne.

*Gad.* There's enough to make vs all.

*Fals.* To be hangd.

*Prince.* You foure shall front them in the narrow Lane: *Ned Poin*es and I, will walke lower; if they scape from your encounter, then they light on vs.

*Peto.*

*Henry the Fourth.*

*Peto.* But how many be they of them?

*Gad.* Some eight or ten.

*Fals.* Zounds, will they not rob vs?

*Prince.* What? a coward Sir *John Pannch*?

*Fals.* Indeed I am not *John of Gant* your Granfather, but yet no coward, *Hal*.

"our" orig. the "y" is ind.

*Prince.* Well, wee leaue that to the prooffe.

*Poynes.* Sirra *Jack*, thy horle stands behind the hedge, when thou needest him, there thou shalt find him, farewell, & stand

*Fals.* Now cannot I strike him if I should be hangd. (fast.)

*Prince.* Ned, where are our disguises?

*Poin*es. Heere hard by stand close.

*Fals.* Now my masters, happy man be his dole, say, eue ry man to his busines.

*Enter the Trauellers.*

*Tra.* Come neighbor. the boy shall lead our horses downe the hill, wee le walke a foote a while, and ease our legs.

*Theeues.* Stay.

*Tra.* Iesus bleffe vs.

*Fals.* Strike, downe with them, cut the villaines throats: a horefon caterpillars! Bacon-fed knaues, they hate vs youth, downe with them, fleece them.

*Tra.* O, we are vndone, both we and ours for euer.

*Fals.* Hang ye gorbellied knaues, are ye vndone? no ye fat chuffes, I would your store were heere: on bacons, on, what ye knaues? yong men must liue, you are grand lurers, are ye? wee le iure ye yfaith.

*Heere they rob them and bind them; Enter*

*the Prince, and Poynes.*

*Prince.* The theeues haue bound the true men: now could thou and I rob the theeues, and goe merrily to London, it vould be argument for a weeke, laughter for a month, and a good iest for euer.

*Poin*es. Stand close, I heare them comming.

*Enter the theeues againe.*

*Fals.* Come my masters, let vs share, and then to horse before day: and the *Prince* & *Poin*es be not two arrant cowards, theres no equity stirring, theres no more valour in that *Poin*es than in a wild Ducke.

*Prince.*